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Picture
of
Creation
By
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My dear Mr. [illegible]
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Very truly
yours
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PICTURE OF CREATION.

BY

T. G. RUTHERFORD.

PITTSBURGH:

A. H. ENGLISH & CO. PUBLISHERS,

No. 79 WOOD STREET.

1857. *fr*

PC 274-4
J. P5

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P R E F A C E.

IF the views as portrayed in the "PICTURE OF CREATION" appeal to the enlightened mind as the delineations of truth, it will be consolatory to know, that they are conceptions not unworthy to be entertained of God and his works. Our views, however sublime, must fall short of the reality of the infinite operations of the great SPIRIT that fills immensity with his presence.

To the lovers of the real or imaginary, the author thinks the subject presents ample scope for profitable consideration, if not interesting speculations.

We have yet much to learn ; and we are living in an age, which, in some respects, is a progressive school for the inculcation of right principles. The narrow and confined views of heaven and hell—of God and man—must give place to the majestic

sublimities brought to light in the BIBLE, when viewed through the unerring telescope of *true science*.

In compliance with the wishes of his friends, this small and condensed portion of the "PICTURE OF CREATION," is presented by the author to the public. If, in its perusal, others should experience the pleasure which it has already afforded to the few who have examined it, the author will not only be amply repaid, but encouraged to go on, until, probably, he may become a better qualified and more interesting an artist in this, his favorite department of study.

THE AUTHOR.

Picture of Creation.

PART I.

SUBJECTS:

THE SYSTEM OF THE UNIVERSE—ITS PERFECTION.

THE DEVELOPMENT AND UNITY OF THE DEITY.

PICTURE OF CREATION.

PART I.

Could I now paint, or bring to sight
The universe in grandeur bright,
I'd soar away to realms of night,
And seek from thence my first delight.
From darkness 'midst the void of space,
I'd first the back-ground boldly trace;
And then through all the vast immense,
I'd seek a centre to commence—
And paint, and paint, without a pause,
On Nature's vast imposing laws.
For strength to do the task assigned,
I'd look to God—and be resigned.

I'd paint the centre, which now I'd gained,
The sum of sovereign bliss attained.

I'd pour a flood of living light,
That would illumine the gloom of night,
And make the darkness, darker thrice—
And then commence on PARADISE!
I'd decompose the rays of light,
And mix them all with pure delight;
That harmony and love supreme,
Should be the all—that's felt and seen.

With dazzling splendor—with greatest pains,
The hills, and valleys, and the plains
I'd paint, 'till each in liquid rays
Should bathe the whole in silent praise.

Its trees perennial bearing fruit,
With purest stream around each root,
I'd load with luciousness and grace—
To live would be to see and taste.

I'd try to paint the balmy breeze, T
As gently floating 'mid the trees.
Its fragrance, I would have expressed
By all that's lovely on its breast.

And O! when done with outward work,
I'd pierce beneath its virgin earth,
And bring its brightest gems to light,
To add refulgence to the sight.

Then after this I'd seat myself,
Where I could muse in silent stealth;
I'd look and look, 'till I had gained
Perception of all bliss attained;
And then commence the work divine—
Angelic forms! in beauty's shrine!

In breathless silence, I'd paint for fear
Lest one so earthly being near,
Should cause a tear to flow from eye,
That ne'er was made to weep, nor sigh.

From virgin soil I'd seek my paints,
And mix them all with bliss of saints; *
My brush should be the hair of love *
From 'neath the wing of turtle-dove,
That gently mingles with the breeze,
Her plaintive notes among the trees.

Their forms angelic—every line
I'd trace distinct with grace divine.
Although their face like as the sun,
Could ne'er be finished when begun;
Yet striving, I would strive to make
As placid as the smiling lake—
As pure as light—as bright as day,
As sweet as highest angels' lay.
Intelligence should cover all,
And o'er it mercy gently fall.

I'd cease all effort—let it stand
Unfinished! yet majestic! grand!!

Around and 'round this central sphere,
I'd spend my time from year to year,
Describing scenes unrivaled, grand!
More num'rous than are grains of sand
That scattered on all worlds beside—
This, this would be my highest pride.

From place to place, I'd speed along,
And view the gods in happy throng, ✱

Mingling loud their voices sweet:
While beauteous orders, at their feet,
I'd cause to sit enraptured gazing,
While all, the great I AM art praising!

The brightest form amid them all,
I'd paint as Him, who came to call
All the sons of men from earth,
To raise them to this heavenly birth.

I'd paint the heavenly throng around Him,
His praise with harp and voice resounding;
'Till every heart would catch the sound,
And make the immense of space resound.

E'en thus I'd make the picture sing,*
While all fresh honors to him bring.

I'd try, although 't would be in vain,
To span this vast rotund, and gain
Conception of its wondrous treasures,
And paint in living light its pleasures.

This centre, O! what art can paint,
Except in lines so very faint,
That, when compared with all its wonders,
Is whisper soft, to Heaven's thunders.

It lays in majesty serene,
Upon the vast immense unseen.
Its rays of light through heaven's night,
Brings every distant world to sight;
It holds them each within its grasp,
Like parents' ardent loving clasp.
In majesty it rolls around,
And surveys the deep profound;
Preserving order through all space,
By laws of elegance, and of grace.
And as it ever, 'round and 'round,
Passes without jar or sound;
With lightning speed upon its axis,
It never in its work relaxes.
It bears upon its breast of night,
All the stars of living light.
Its progeny is without number,
And over them 'twill never slumber;
And as it turns it views them all—

None from its centre e'er can fall.
Its gentle and electric force,
Propels them in their graceful course ;
Repelling and attracting still,
Proclaiming sure and steadfast will.

And then I'd fly to distant spheres,
That 'mid the darkness ever peer ;
Enlivening the dark shades of night,
In their swift and rapid flight.
All these, one by one I'd paint
Revolving free—without restraint ;
Around the central orb of Love—
The throne of Him, who reigns above.

These beauteous orbs of glittering lustre,
Just as they are, with grace I'd cluster
In constellations all around
The vast immense—the deep profound.

Just like the centre, I would paint them
As branches from the parent stem ;

In all things yielding fruit the same—
Each in its proper place to reign.

Alike it, all but in dimension,
And yet, the least in its extension
Should be so vast—so wondrous great,
That none can know its vast estate.

Around *the Patriarch* of heaven,
These *Patriarchs* all space doth leaven;
And spread their influence far and wide
As in majestic course they stride.

I'd strive to paint the mystic cause,
The source from whence vast Nature's laws
Originate, with power unseen,
In vivid, bright, electric stream.
And as this power unseen, though felt,
Upon the picture's face I'd melt;
I'd show from central point connection—
The Godlike beauty, and perfection
That exists in all their grace,
Between the sons of God in space.

From centre to circumference 'round,
I'd make the vault of heaven resound,
With hallelujah's sweetest strain,
For the bliss that 'twixt them reign.

On every sun, I'd paint a clustre
Of happy gods, in dazzling lustre,
Swelling loud in anthems sweet,
As a central god they'd meet.
Their songs, from sun to sun would swell,
As wonders from the throne he'd tell.

Oh! who can tell, or paint the pleasure—
The chief, the great, the only treasure
Valued high above all price,
By those who press for Paradise!

Ages, could not all unfold
The mystery of what has been told;
Nor can ages e'er portray,
What the future has to say.

Who can describe the blest connexion,
In all the beauty of perfection,

Between the central gods of light,
And the beauteous orbs of night?
Th' eternal works of truth and love,
As high and wide as heaven above,
In all their wonderful gradations,
Are God's mysterious revelations!
But through all eternal ages,
The Book of books, with countless pages,
Will unfold the wondrous lesson,
That all forever is progression.
From sun to sun the gods ascend,
Fresh glory to their glory lends;
Like one eternal Jacob's vision,
There's no beginning, nor elision.

'Tis the gods' delightful labor,
To prove to all beneath a Saviour;
Higher and still higher still,
Is highest heaven's anthems thrill.

As from centre's fullness, all
Did'st derive their primal call;
And from this fullness to fulfill,
Did'st fly to do the centre's will;

So the gods from God did spring—
He from his fullness did them bring.
And as the suns, in endless mission,
Fulfill in space their great commission;
Thus gods from God—from sun to sun,
E'er in their glorious races run.

Their work is Love, each in his station
Perfecting bliss through all creation:
Each has his special work assigned,
And all compose the MAKER's mind.

Then gladly I'd resume the task,
Which I would have forever last;
And blend creation's sweetest strain,
On canvas pure without a stain.
I'd look through all the bright array
Of whirling suns, far, far away!
And as 'round central point they turn,
I'd picture them, as bright they burn
As centres to unnumbered worlds,
Bedecking space as purest pearls.

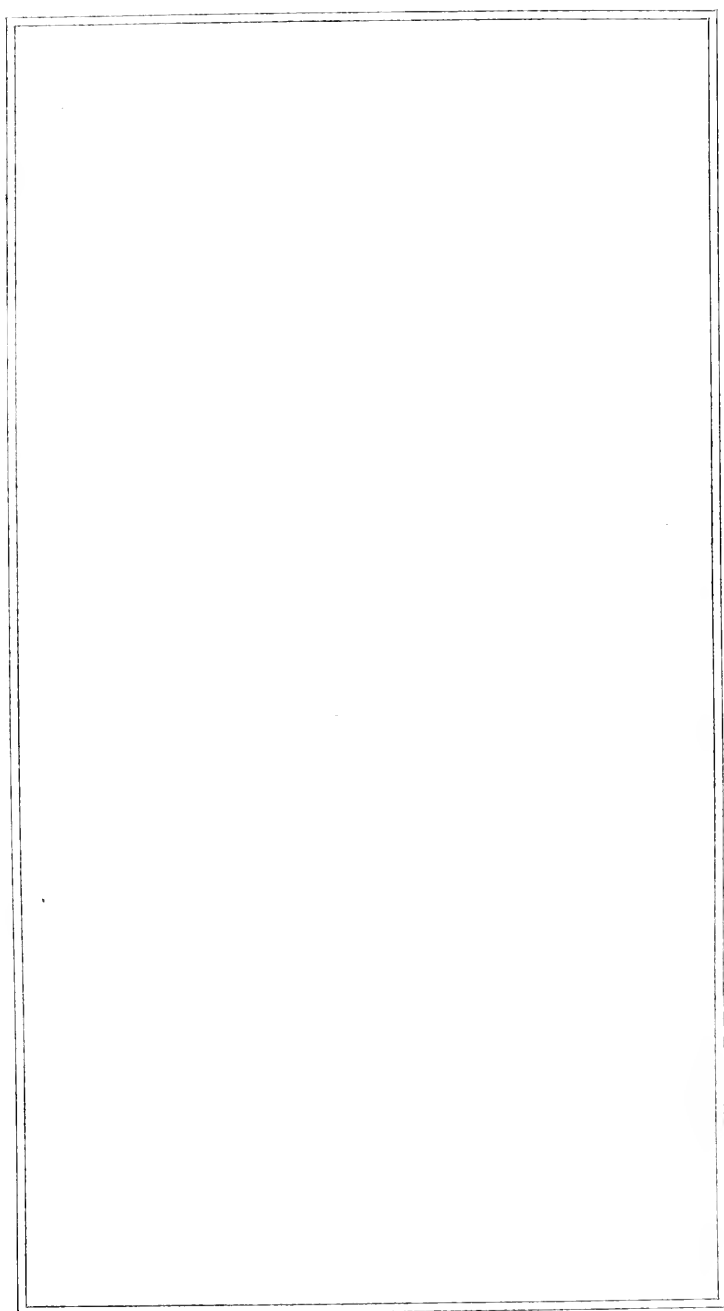
And after, with admiring wonder,
I'd view their hosts of countless number,
And listen to the harmonious strain,
As *they* around their primaries reign—
I'd fly away from all—to ONE,
And then commence as I'd begun,
To paint with living beams of light—
The wondrous, beauteous, glorious sight!
The sight of this our glorious Home!
Our system 'round its solar dome.

Mercury, winging swift its flight,
I'd quickly touch with ruby light,
And let it fly to tell its tale,
As in sun's light its disc regales.

Sweet *Venus*, robed in lovely graces,
With her sweet morn and evening faces,
I'd paint as next in solar train
Both bright and lovely!—and then I'd gain
The *Earth*, our "home, sweet home" in space,
As 'round the sun in magic grace
She strides illustrious, fulfilling still
The wonders of Creation's will.

Sunshine and darkness—night and day,
Strangely intermingled, I would lay
In lines mysterious and distinct,—
Emblems of joy and sorrow linked.

Man, in all his pristine splendor,
Opposed to man as now, I'd render
In dark, yet beauteous lines,—an object!
Heaven's strange and wondrous project!
A paradox—of good and bad!
A compound—of the sweet and sad!



Picture of Creation.

PART II.

SUBJECTS:

THE EARTH AND THE MOON.

ADAM AND EVE.

THE FALL AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

THE DELUGE AND ITS EFFECTS.

PICTURE OF CREATION.

PART II.

Creation's work, so great! so vast!!
None can it fully ever grasp;
But while we cannot all disclose
By paint and brush—in verse or prose,
It should be our highest aim,
Conception of it to attain.

When God began this wondrous task,
Earth from the sun, in chaos vast
Was ejected into space,
Where it lay in mystic grace.
Each part and parcel of the whole,
Without equator or a pole,
Laid in solemn silence still,
To await the great Creator's will.

He spake, and quickly was obeyed:
EARTH, in beauteous *light* arrayed,
Sprang forth to dance in heavenly train,
E'er with the orbs of night to reign.
Revolving free, around it sped,
Till from excess of joy, it shed
The *Moon*—its beauteous child of night—
A source of sweet and calm delight.
Sweet Cynthia's smiling face I'd paint
As pure and bright as sweetest saint.

And as it swiftly turned around,
Without a jar or clashing sound;
Mysterious Nature's laws assigned
A place for land, and sea, and mind.

Within the central caverns stand,
Dark waters hid—encased in land;
Which gently kissed the seas above,
Gurg'ling through virgin earth its love.

Without a rock to mar the sphere,
With naught to cause a pang of fear;
The Earth stood forth prepared to yield,
Her incense sweet through air and field.

Quickly from her bosom sprang,
Bright trees and herbs, and birds that sang
Their sweetest notes of joy and praise,
To him who lives through endless days.

Not a breath of chilly air—
Not a cloud of gloomy care
Was seen or felt—but all was sweet—
Perfection did perfection greet.

The gentle dew arose from earth,
And watered all this scene of mirth.
Beasts, birds and fishes all were found,
Diffusing joy and peace around.

Then God with lords the earth illumed;
And all in conclave did commune,
About the rank of him to reign,
O'er this fair earth without a stain.

In grand majestic silence, all
Agreed from virgin earth to call

MAN, in their likeness and in mien
'Bove all that could on earth be seen.

'Twas done! erect steps forth to view
Man in their form and likeness true!
His breast with purest passion glowed;
Love, Mercy, Justice from him flowed.

Again, in consultation, God
Communed on blest Creation's lord;
And decreed, that from his side
Forth should spring his lovely bride!
Thus from *Adam's self* was brought
A help-meet fair—with wonders fraught!
And they were placed like gods to dwell!
Paint can't describe, nor language tell
The wonders linked with this *twain-one*—
The dawn of man's race just begun.

As God doth gods from fullness bring,
While all as ONE in union sing;
Thus man from man was made to flow,
And from his innate fullness grow.

Earth, air and seas their fullness poured
At Adam's feet—Creation's lord!
All trees and plants, both bird and beast,
On which the eye or ear could feast;
Blended sweet in purest strain,
To increase the wonders of his reign.

Adam, linked with Eve, now walking,
In Paradisial language talking;
I'd paint with rays of light and joy,
Composed of bliss without alloy.
Their voices sweet with music blending,
Their fragrant heart its incense sending;
All conspired in living light,
To represent the glorious sight.

Then God communed with man, and said,
While high in holy converse led;
"The fruits of all these trees I give,
That thou may'st eat, enjoy and live.
But of the tree of good and bad
Thou *shalt not* eat, or else most sad
Shalt be thy lot—dying thou shalt die,
And dark, in cold earth thou shalt lie."

Thus, Adam was left to enjoy the whole,
With Eve the delight and joy of his soul;
And e'er to communicate blessings of peace,
Which through earth, seas and skies should
ever increase.

He was left free to will—left free to choose,
To enjoy to the full; but not to abuse!
Like God who had made him!—not to be bound,
Though the Law, in his ear, did its penalty
sound.

To live on forever the noblest and blest,
Was his province and right, while all him
caressed.

Though bound to the earth by cords of delight,
Man was still *man*—not clothed with all might!
He was not God, nor like God, to know
What was hid in the future, nor what did there
grow!

He heard through the serpent that tempted his
wife,
That 'twere good to aspire to be gods filled
with light.

The woman did listen! the fruit looked so fair,
That she *would* have her lord to go with her there,

To look at the fruit—to admire its worth,
That promised to give them so heavenly a
birth.

She wanted to see, and experience the change—
From *manhood* to GODHOOD she desired to range!
She considered not *Law*, but boldly aspired
To pass from her state, to the object admired;
She knew not, nor thought, of what should be-
fall;

Lust o'er posterity, overthrew its deep pall.
She stretched forth her hand! she plucked!
and she ate!

Nature recoiled and shrank from its state!
A horror! and trembling! seized earth and
deranged
Its movement in space! While its axis, now
changed,
Inclined to th' ecliptic!—the sun could not
bless

The poles and the equator with equal caress!

With terror and dread, the man and his wife
Ope'd their eyes wide, to see the flood-gate of
strife,

Which one act of transgression yawningly
threw,
And exposed the dread sentence of death to
their view!

The cold wind blew and scattered death
O'er this fair scene. Both man and beast
Tempest-tost and chilled, shelter sought!
The earth was cursed! Around its pole
Its head of youth, ice-bound and drear,
A charnel house for beasts became,
To attest to all remotest times,
Dread consequence of broken law.
Forth from the earth, sprang thistles! thorns!
Where once, in rank luxuriance, grew
Naught but sweetest herbs and flowers.
Man! shivering with intense of cold
Sought shelter from its wintry blast;
But found it not but 'mong the leaves,
That blasted, fell from off the trees.

But hark! the voice of God draws near!
That voice which once, in accents sweet

Fell on his ear, a source of dread
Became to Adam! who now did shrink
From 'neath that stern omniscient glance!
The whole was told! and known! and felt!!
Man, low before his Maker knelt
A criminal! expecting naught
But dark and gloomy, dismal death.

Then God to man e'en thus did speak:—
“The ground is cursed! Thou did'st not keep
Thy first estate; therefore thy lot
From angel's height, has been cast down—
And thou and thine, in galling chains,
In darkest gloom reserved to judgment!
The rising of the sun in east,
Was not more glorious, than the dawn
Of Earth's career, which now is past.
The *eastward Eden* of this world
Was soon cut off, and in its stead,
The *west* reveals dark future's night!
The ground is cursed! thou might'st have
lived
Upon the tree of life, which grew
Throughout this garden world of bliss!

But now in sorrow thou shalt eat,
By sweat of brow, the bread of care!
Thy beauteous form which might have lived,
Must now return from whence it came—
Dust thou art!—to it shalt return!”

Shivering with intense of cold,
Both Adam and his wife there stood,
Transfixed with shame before their God!
Their doom thus sealed!—their fate thus sad!

But as they stood, the Lord communed—
And all in Godhead was attuned
To love and mercy for the race,
That could not their lost bliss replace.
While JUSTICE did inflict the blow,
MERCY did from mercy flow:
First, shielding man from piercing cold,
Of skin of beasts, just from the fold,
Soft coats were made!

And *then* began
The work Divine!—Redemption's plan!
In mercy to man's fallen state,
The earth had lost its first estate.

The pureness of its Eden-clime,
Continued thus throughout all time,
Would the greatest curse have been—
Entailing endless life to sin.
From Paradisial trees shut out,
The King of Terrors came to rout
Dread consequence of sin to man!
And life, through gates of Death to fan!

Death is a boon which all may crave,
'Twill from continued life-sin save;
Through its dark portals, op'ning wide,
Man now may launch in glory's tide;
And vie with high Archangels' bliss,
When once the Son of Peace they kiss.

God's MERCY would not let man lay,
Where he could not for mercy pray;
But sent his Son, his dearest Son,
Who from high Heaven's court did run,
To do the Father's will! To give
Himself away, that man might live.

Man, by his evil act, had died—
Found guilty when by Justice tried;

Nor could that justice e'er receive,
The fallen one without reprieve.
A Mediator 'tween each extreme—
A God-like, deep, and holy scheme
Was needed first, before the work
Of Restoration could have birth.
This heavenly child, by Justice sent,
With love's redeeming graces rent
The powers of darkness, and ope'd the way,
From death's dark gloom to endless day !
As in *first* Adam all had died,
Filled with unholy sin and pride ;
All in th' anointed Son shall live,
And to Him endless glory give.

Thus may we ever, Justice see,
With *Mercy* mingled full and free.

Nor was this all. The wondrous plan
Devised by God to ransom man,
Like all his other works, doth show,
That progress doth from progress grow.
Had not man fallen from his lot,
The glorious, grand redeeming plot

Had not been needed! Man the same
Would yet as *man* in Eden reign,
The noblest of all *living souls*
That ranged the earth between the poles.
But now he may, by second birth,
Pass to a state of priceless worth;
Partaking of God's nature pass—
The finite, infinity may grasp!
Up to the Godhead man may fly,
And without a tear or sigh,
Forever drink from fount of love,
And reign with sons of God above.

But I'm not done. The picture yet
Before me set, is far from finished.

The earth now cursed, I'd paint anew,
As sweet and lovely—grand to view.
The herbs, in rank luxuriance grew,
Though winter's sad breath on them blew
Its pall of death, and spread their leaves
Around the roots of stalwart trees.
The inclined axis of the earth,
Drove from sweet summer's face its mirth;

And caused both thistle and the thorn,
To make the lot of man forlorn.
But, it left sweet virgin earth,
As pure and rank as at its birth—
Without a rock to mar its face—
Without an arid desert place.
The trees in their luxuriance grew,
Watered still by Eden's dew.
So perfect was the earth as yet,
That man, exposed to cold and sweat,
Lived for ages, vigorous, strong,
Though he did forfeit all by wrong.

Still thus the earth might have been saved,
If all the sons of God had craved
To live apart, as 'twas designed
In holy bonds by love assigned.
But lust again, with syren voice,
Caused them to err by making choice,
Of wives unhallowed—daughters of men,
Evil beyond power of language or pen.
This union between the good and the bad,
Was the cause of the curse that followed
most sad.

The wickedness of man was great on the
earth—

Dark were the scenes of revelry and mirth ;
The bitter and sweet, the darkness and
light,

Commingle together can never be right.
Communion with evil corrupteth the mind,
As all who do wrong in sorrow will find.

Then God again declared his will,
As man his cup of sorrow filled:—
“I will destroy what I have made,
Since wicked man will not be saved;
The imagination of his heart,
Filled with evil, deserves the smart
That will be caused by death to all
Who have not—will not—hear my call.”

But hark! the voice of prayer is heard,
And sentence dread has been deferred:
Just Noah, who had walked with God,
And stood equipped with shield and sword,
Now stept forth *by faith* to save,
The world from desolation's wave.

The plan was changed—sweet Mercy bent
Her list'ning ear, and to him sent
Sweet hope, to cheer and make his heart,
Bow sweetly to the threatened smart.

An ark of gopher wood was made,
Each two of birds and beasts to save :
The work through many years went on,
But yet the world, so filled with wrong,
Mocked at faithful Noah's preaching,
And scorned his high and holy teaching.

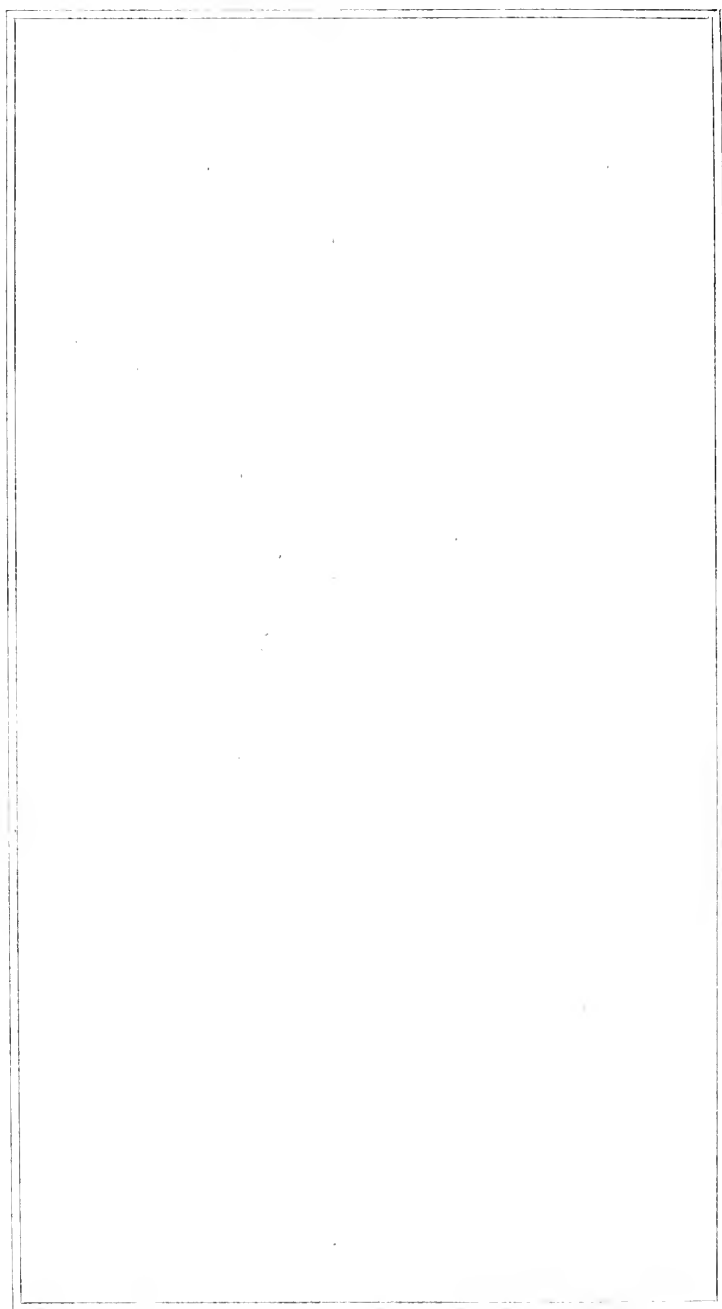
The cup was filled!—the ark prepared ;
The Lord for all within it cared !

But what is this that rends the sky !
As past the earth doth quickly fly !
A dread of horror seizes all,
While all aloud for mercy call.
But 'tis in vain ! the time was past,
And from them mercy they had cast !
The earth it reels as drunken man,
And staggering from its orbit ran !

Crash on crash, with sullen roar,
Dread earthquakes rent to centre's core ;
While waters, from the fountains deep,
Rushed with maddening, direful leap,
And *deluged* all the face of earth,
And silenced violence and mirth.

The Ark soon rose, with precious freight,
And rode the waves in solemn state ;
While all within securely felt,
As round the Throne of Grace they knelt.

Thus days were spent; and from beneath
Rushed waters from the fountains deep ;
While aqueous vapors filled the sky,
And ope'd the windows from on high,
To increase the terrors of the scene,
That ever and anon, did gleam
Through lightning's flash, which tore asunder
The elements in direst thunder.
All vast nature's wondrous store,
Did in liquid chaos, pour
Its treasures in confusion wild—
While strata on fresh strata piled.



Picture of Creation.

PART III.

SUBJECTS:

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES.

THE DISPERSION OF THE TRIBES.

THE BIBLE TRIUMPHANT.

THE PEOPLING OF ISLANDS.

THE DIVERSITY OF THE RACES.

THE RISE OF THE ASSYRIAN MONARCHY.

THE CHINESE EMPIRE.

PICTURE OF CREATION.

PART III.

When marshaled strong, in dread array,
The powers of darkness ope'd the day
 Of contest with the cause of right—
 The angels wondered!
With dauntless, blind, Satanic rage,
The sons of men stepped on the stage—
 Again, defied the sons of light,
 While heavens thundered.

The innate folly of his heart,
Made dark the mind in every part;
 Forgetting all the scenes of woe,
 He rushed in madness.

He vainly thought, by puny arm,
To shield himself from every harm,
And yet in paths forbidden go—
Which lead to sadness.

As soon as Noah stepped from ark,
Through his own seed, was made a mark
By the devil's minion :
Intemperance, took the juice of wine,
And filled his eyes like those that pine—
Fixed on the race his pinion.

No tongue can tell—no brush describe—
No art can paint, the dreadful tide
Of vice again began on earth,
By this foul deed of hellish birth.

How can man of God stand forth,
And point to virtue shining north,
Like bright and polar star ?
The heart condemned by secret sin,
Has lost what it can never win—
Can never look afar.

Since then it has been sick indeed;
Propagates the noxious seed;
Makes all the moral world a waste—
Gives the good a bitter taste.

The tongue and heart, the eye and mind,
Though close conjoined, by sin inclined,
Filches man of conscious worth—
Divests him of his heavenly birth.
He hears, he sees, he thinks, he acts;
But disregards the plainest facts;
A want of faith in God or man,
Proclaims how quick his course he ran.

No sooner had the deluge passed,
Than quickly from the mind was cast
The memory of the lessons learned—
God and his promise soon were spurned.
The wicked race again increased,
And never from fresh evils ceased;
Until on wide Bab'lonish plain,
The wrath of God was on them lain.
Forgetting God, their high estate,
The blindness of their heart was great;

Assembling all the race around,
Both great and small sat on the ground,
And then in solemn state agreed,
That should a deluge be decreed,
They from its terrors must be freed.

Their puny minds, thus dwarfed by sin,
Ordained forthwith, that they begin
To build a tower so wondrous high,
That it might pierce the vaulted sky;
That, when another deluge raged,
They far above it might be raised.

No time was lost—the labor great
At early hour, at evening late—
Mid'st all the pomp of pride and state—

The work went on.

Some praised the gods of wood and stone;
Some were with labor made to groan;
Others, the tedious hours beguiled

In impious song.

Day after day—week after week—
Year after year—the work did greet

The admiring eyes of crowds around,
'Midst labor's din confused sound.
So hotly was the work pursued,
That wild disorder soon ensued;
The workmen stood aghast! appalled!
So many masters on them called,
Sternly bidding them pursue
Things too hard for them to do.

Amidst confusion, awful—wild!
Materials on materials piled;
Till those above could not descend,
Nor could they each assistance lend.

Confused and weary, fevered! pained!
A panic, dreadful, wildly reigned;
Both friends and brothers, masters—all!
Didst in direful chaos fall.

The voice and face of nearest kin,
All changed by suffering, and their sin,
Spread consternation dark and drear—
And sadly reigned distrust and fear.

Some died with hunger, some with dread!
Some on sickening corpses fed!!
Some urged on the work, and slew
As the panic stricken flew!

Some sought their children, and, when found,
Could not distinguish voice nor sound!
Most dreadful was the wail that rose,
As proud Babel's work did close.

Madly, wildly, rushing off!
Foulest hate and demon scoff
Gave place to all the tender ties—
Fraternal love, to hellish cries!

Some never turned to see their shame—
Some cursed the sound of Babel's name—
While others raised their eyes to see,
And wailed more loud from it to flee!

Thus GOD ALMIGHTY spake to man,
And blew them, with his winnowing fan,
Over all the earth's domain—
And stopped the course of Babel's reign.

On plain immense stood Babel's tower,
Proclaiming folly, and man's power;
Rearing its gigantic head,
A monument both known and read.

Silence all around prevailed,—
While birds of prey in circlets sailed,
Made the scene more dismal, wild!
By horrid screech o'er corpses piled!!

But hark! what sound that breaks on ear!
'Tis infant's voice, with none to cheer;
Forsook by those, that nature meant
As guardians dear by Heaven sent.

E'en other voices now are heard,
From 'midst the piles of bodies blurred;
In frenzy, crying for one drop
Of water, that could not be got.

Ever and anon are raised
Piercing yells from persons crazed!
Some are laughing, some are cursing—
One fond mother a corpse is nursing!!

Dreadful scene of human folly—
A picture filled with melancholy;
A voice attesting to the race,
That sin can only bring disgrace.

The picture that has just been drawn,
Though sad, and dreary, and forlorn,
Is hardly finished, till we trace
The doom that followed such disgrace.

Scattered throughout all the earth,
The sons of men again gave birth
To progeny, that lacked the grace
Of stately form or lovely face,
Which shone resplendent, ere this shock
Had changed again man's doleful lot.

The organs of his speech were tied—
Paradisial language died.
Like babbling fool, or helpless babe,
Sounds inharmonious now were made.
By painful culture, wants made known
In barren sounds, 'tween laugh and groan!

Struck sadness to the stoutest heart,
And thus revealed the curse, in part.

Sin, from the first, had robbed the face
Of primordial angelic grace;
And every step in crime deranged
The form divine—so sadly changed.
So great was now their dread and fright,
That, throughout all their dismal flight,
They could not cast from heart or face
The impress of their great disgrace!
In every country, every clime—
Through every change, in every time—
This great mishap its mark impressed,
As in the past, and still confessed.
In torrid zone, in frigid air,
Diverse and strange these things do stare,
And make us wonder how they all
Could from first Adam's image fall!
However strange, the thing is so—
God in his word doth plainly show:
Though puny man cannot explain,
With facts mysterious they e'er reign.

Some men pretend to know so much,
That they in doubt and darkness rush,
And believe what is not taught--
What is not known—blind vision's thought!
They pride themselves to cast aside
The only safe and holy guide,
Which was ever sent to cheer
The great and good that sojourn here.

The BIBLE yet, surviving change,
Still keeps ahead of science' range;
And as the world in WISDOM grows,
Its praise is sung in verse and prose.

Some yet may scoff—ask how, and where,
Man on islands e'er came there!
Though from the main so far removed,
That how it came can not be proved!

If we in effort fail to show,
Or, on their minds some light to throw,
Can they, in turn explain the cause
By true and philosophic laws?

They cannot give! they will not take!
Their mind, in dark lethargic state,
Prefers to doubt, or else to cavil—
Strain at a gnat—take in a camel.

The tides and winds in every age
Have always, still exert their rage;
Conveying with apparent ease
The seed of plant or stalwart trees.
Just so with man!—The mind perplexed
Ne'er on the subject need be vexed;
The law that in one case may hold,
May in its mantle others fold.

The age of Babel, some forget,
Was when the world, by Deluge wet,
Had not its boundaries well defined,
As now we find by age assigned.
Great changes even now progress;
The restless seas in conquest press!
New islands rise, and old ones sink—
New wonders with the old ones link.

But changes that we now behold,
Are not so startling as the old;
Then the tides, in restless roar,
Large continents from the mainland tore;
And carried far the yielding mass—
Man, beast, and bird, and tender grass;
And in its eddy formed an isle,
Which ocean still claims as its child.

As to the color of the skin—
The form of cheek-bone, cranium, chin!
'Tis quite enough for us to know,
This is a world where changes grow!
Aside from all the effects of dread,
Which Babel caused on face and head,
E'en now on right and left we see
Strange things in every family.
One child is fair, another dark;
In eyes, or hair, or other mark,
Unlike the race from which it rose—
With Grecian face and Roman nose!
Thus Afric's darkest face may bring
A child with white and purest skin;

Anomalies are often seen—
Best human kind with monsters teem.

But to return to Babel's plain,
In view of suffering and the slain;
One thing of note I'd have impressed
Indelibly within your breast:
Where Babel stood, sprang forth a race
With proud and haughty mien and grace;
Though humble in its first estate,
It grew to be so wondrous great,
That 'neath its branches spreading wide,
All nations sheltered near its side.
Compared with other nations round,
This *Head of Gold*, with lion sound,
Like Babel stood, conspicuous! proud!
Issuing forth its mandates loud.

NIMROD and ASHER, 'midst the slain
Commenced the great ASSYRIAN reign;
Their fathers, SHEM and CUSH, in dread,
To distant lands with others sped.

Thus proud Assyria rose from naught,
But those from heaps of slain were sought,
And like the seed from which it rose,
Great folly marked it, till its close.

Noah saddened with his children,
Went from them a weary pilgrim ;
And with a chosen faithful few
Commenced again a nation new.

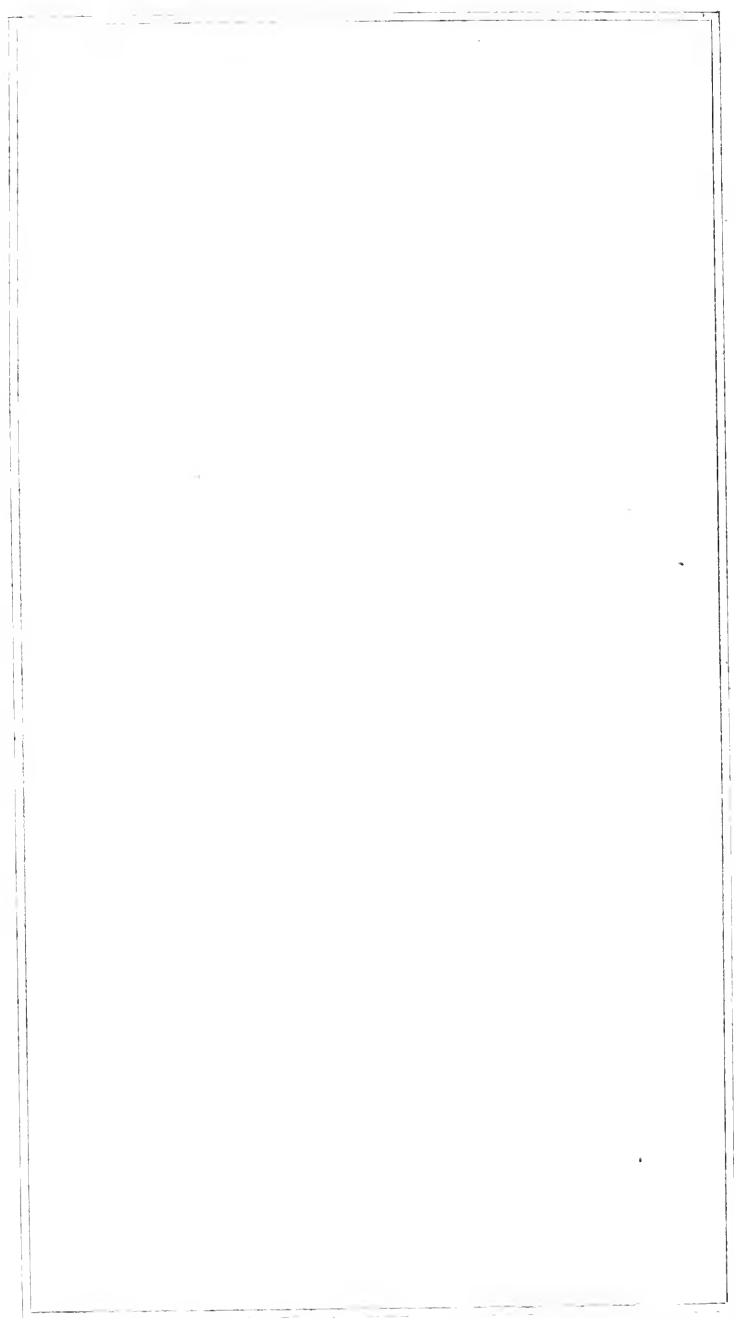
On China's rich and fertile soil,
Began anew a life of toil ;
In deep repentance, shav'd head and beard—
The anger of the Lord he feared.

A number countless as the sand,
Sprang from his loins and fill'd the land ;
And, governed by his wholesome laws,
Wealth in their lap poured forth its stores.
From past experience, he now taught
To set the nations all at naught ;
To keep without the foreign horde,
That lived by fire, and blood, and sword.

E'en to this day, with jealous care,
They would no strange encroachment there;
No faith they have in modern light—
They'd deal with Saxon, Tartar-like.

No wonder they afraid of all,
Would surround themselves with wall;
And cramp the tender female feet,
That they *at home* their lords might greet.

Great Noah's wisdom was repaid
By generations that obeyed,
And reaped the labor of their hands—
Thus China, still as ever stands.



Picture of Creation.

PART IV.

SUBJECTS:

THE MORAL CONDITION OF THE WORLD AFTER THE
BUILDING OF THE TOWER OF BABEL.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE SPIRITUAL SEED FROM ADAM.

THE CALL OF ABRAHAM.

THE SEPARATION OF LOT FROM ABRAHAM.

GOD'S PROMISE TO ABRAHAM.

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

COMPARISON BETWEEN LOT AND ABRAHAM.

THE BIRTH OF ISAAC.

THE BANISHMENT OF HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

ABRAHAM COMMANDED TO OFFER ISAAC A SACRIFICE.

PICTURE OF CREATION.

PART IV.

This world is strange, and all therein ;
Man, possessed by innate sin,
Madly rushes throughout life—
Rejecting good, preferring strife.

Even after all the woes,
Which, his history plainly shows,
Resulted from his evil deeds—
Yet blind to folly ever speeds.

Should lower orders of the world,
Prefer in maddening chaos hurled ;
A crusade 'twould be well to preach,
To slay them all within our reach.

Should they in turn, reflect and see
The greatest known anomaly,
In charity they'd do the same,
To exterminate so foul a shame.

The natural instinct of the one,
Impels from hurtful things to run ;
But man, proud man, refuses—
Leaving good, the evil chooses !

Even after all his lessons,
To teach him good and sound impressions ;
His foolish heart is still inclined,
With evil things to be resigned.

Poor *Adam* died with broken heart ;
Eve keenly felt the piercing dart,
Which sin, through her own seed had aimed,
And thus their page of history stained.

The evils of the *Flood* and *Tower*,
Emblems of Almighty power,
Were not enough to ope' their eyes,
From blood-stained earth to sunny skies.

Near all the tribes, though scattered wide,
Commenced again their works of pride ;
And everywhere again progressed
The evils that had them distressed.

From God their maker, blindly turned,
And worshiped things that might be spurned ;
The ape ! the viper ! dark things that creep
In caves and doleful caverns deep !

Homage divine some paid to ox !
Some simply to the stones and stocks !
Others, demons dark invoked—
All, the Lord of Heaven provoked.

What wisdom then proud man possessed,
The priests confined within their breasts ;
And with despotic rule, the mass
Were crushed to earth, like tender grass.

Like Babel, lofty mounds were raised,
And proud puissant kings were praised ;
Who, to pamper vain ambition,
Robbed man of his true position.

As meanest, abject, slave oppressed,
Through years of weary toil and sweat,
They bared their backs, laid bare their arm—
Blind folly to them had a charin.

The *pyramids* even yet attest,
How much the humble were oppressed ;
As emblems of man's *might* they stand—
Their *folly* speaks to every land.

Idolatry on every hand,
Impressed its dark and cruel brand ;
Mysterious rites enslaved the world,
And from it WISDOM nearly hurled.

But God, by woman's seed, had said,
That it should bruise the serpent's head ;
His promise firm must be fulfilled—
Vice must be conquered—must be killed.

At the fall, the seed was sown,
As life from death itself makes known ;
Which, taking root, sprang up to cheer
A guilty race oppressed with fear.

Beneath its luscious branches fed,
All by the Holy Spirit led,
To seek a better world above,
Where all is light, and joy, and love.

Adam, and just *Enoch*, *Noah*,
On wings of faith did sweetly soar;
And their heart was made to shout,
As God's plan they saw throughout.

The sons of God were few indeed;
But they were ne'er without a seed,
That bravely stemmed the torrent sin,
To gain the prize and victory win.

Twice the world was saved from death—
When Adam fell, and Deluge swept
Its desolating wave, to stop
The course of sin that changes not.

Now again 'midst chaos wild,
God did call another child
Of faith, to seek and sojourn where,
He might lead a life of prayer.

Forthwith departing with his wife,
Conjoined by man and spirt-life;
They meekly sojourned to the place,
Where they the Lord met face to face.

The pious feelings of his breast,
Made him a chosen vessel blessed,
To propagate the holy seed,
By highest sovereign will decreed.

That holy seed, within him grew,
A safeguard ever good and true;
Enabling him with lovely *Sarah*,
To pass e'en by the lustful *Pharaoh*.

It taught him how to speak aright,
When the herdsmen filled with strife—
“We are brethren, I pray thee not—
I would no anger 'tween us, *Lot*!

The Canaanite and Perizzite,
Would scoff to see us brothers fight—
So be content take right or left—
The lands before us, east and west.”

For each and every work of love,
God's richest blessings from above
On *Abram* fell; and to his seed
Eternal mercies were decreed.

In reverence deep, on Mamre's plain,
The bleeding lamb, on altar slain,
Proclaimed distinct his *love*, and *fear*,
And *faith*, to those both far and near.

The federal Head of spirit-race,
In vision, said with god-like grace:—
“Fear not, Abram, I am thy shield—
Thou and thine by spirit sealed.

Raise now thy eyes! behold and see!
The stars in heaven's high canopy!
So in number shall thy seed be!
This thy reward—thou hast believed me.”

The faith of Abram, not matured,
Was by his faithful spouse allured;
Impatient with divine decrees,
They'd on an heir apparent seize!

The trial of their faith was meant,
As a boon by heaven sent,
To discipline and make them strong—
What to the Spirit did belong.

Though Sarai's womb restrained from bearing,
God, for his promise ever caring,
Intended forth to show his power,
And on them signal mercies shower!

God ne'er designed his seed to call
Through such, as by Egyptian pall,
Were so obscured in heart and mind!
And after carnal things inclined!

'Twas strange! that Abram and his wife,
So ignorant thus of spirit-life,
Should e'er, through dark Egyptian's race,
Desire the promised seed to trace.

'Tis ever thus, to those who try
To force the hand of God most High!
That evils rush with torrent force—
Destruction sweeping in their course!

If Hagar, Sarai's maid, had not
The wild man, Ishmael, e'er begot ;
Arabia's plain might have been blessed,
Instead by foulest sins impressed.

God pitied Hagar ; so should we
From this whole scene learn charity ;
The sin of parent this reveals—
What evils on the race it seals !

But poor Hagar ! raise thine eyes
From sin-blurred earth, to smiling skies ;
Thy seed ere long by Abraham blest,
Shall in his faithful bosom rest !

Sarai should by grace subdued,
Strength divine from heaven sued ;
By love to conquer, not by force—
This, though despised, would save remorse.

How blessed was ABRAHAM ! that the Lord
His presence to him did afford ;
To hear such kindly invitations,
Through revolving generations.

Obedient to Divine injunction,
With scrupulous, exact compunction,
Ishmael, himself, and all around,
He circumcised with rite profound.

The secret cause of his success,
Was spirit holy in his breast ;
That led the Lord to say of him—
“ He surely will command his kin.”

Lot, though beloved of the Lord,
Could not avert the glittering sword,
That fell so heavy on his seed !
As we in Holy Scriptures read.

Had he, his household rightly swayed—
His law, like Abraham's, been obeyed ;
The cities of the plain might yet,
The goodness of the Lord attest.

Abraham was, and Lot was not,
Controller of the seed begot ;
In one, the stream of wisdom flows ;
The other, soon came to its close.

The seed of Abraham, through all time,
Shall like the sun in glory shine ;
His name so honored, highly blessed,
Shall yet, by myriads be caressed !

Alas ! poor Lot ! thy daughters saved,
Through thee a seed most blindly craved—
Moab ! and Ammon ! all debased
Thy name forever hath disgraced !

At length, in time by heaven decreed,
A son by SARAH was conceived ;
In their old age were made to laugh
By birth of him, their prop and staff.

Most fondly did the mother press,
The infant to her ardent breast ;
Her pious soul while on him gazing,
Never ceased its heartfelt praising !

The child drew in from eyes of love,
Ethereal mildness from above ;
His radiant face, received and gave,
Impressions deep that ne'er can fade.

For him the father made a feast,
When he from breast of Sarah ceased,
To suck the milk of life that glowed
In purest health as through him flowed.

But what is that the mother's brow
Makes dark ! as she with others bow
In adoration 'round the board,
For gifts and mercies on them poured !

Alas ! poor Hagar ! dark in mind—
Still to Egyptian rites inclined !
Had'st thou not time to see that God
Should be by thee and thine adored ?

Did'st not Abraham point thine eyes
To yonder bright and glorious prize,
Held out to those by faith to win,
Who would cease from baits of sin ?

Why did'st thou not thy child control ?
Why loved'st thou not his precious soul ?
Why did'st thou stand and with him mock !
'Midst solemn rites, thy mistress shock ?

Vain now thy tears!—vain now thy cries!
Vain are all thy heartfelt sighs!
Thy doom is fix'd! thy son must not,
Be heir with this blest child begot.

Thou did'st wrong! thy mistress right,
Decreed that thou, should from her sight
Be separated from her race—
Lest thou on Isaac bring disgrace!

Abraham loved thee, and thy son;
He grieved because the thing was done;
He fondly hoped that Ishmael might
Live ever near, within his sight.

But thou and thine must be cut off,
Lest holy seed should learn to scoff;
The bitter and the sweet combined,
Will both to ruin be consigned.

With a sad and throbbing heart,
Abraham rose up to depart,
Taking Hagar and his child!
Troubles on him mountains piled!

His laboring breast, with feeling deep,
Invoked that heaven high might keep
And hold them in his tender grasp,
And bring them all to rest at last.

Farewell ! farewell to thee my son !
Farewell, Hagar, God's will be done !
Think ! O think of me, and strive
In righteousness and love to thrive.

Farewell ! farewell !!

The veil must drop
O'er tears and groans that could not stop ;
The evil done none could avert—
God must his will and law assert.

With agonizing heart and mind,
Sad ! forlorn ! and faint inclined,
Poor Hagar wandered without guide,
With Ishmael walking by her side.

The water in the bottle spent!
Sobbing loud the air she rent!
With pitying groans and streaming eyes,
Found no relief in tears nor sighs.

She could not look at Ishmael gasping!
With lips all parch'd with thirst, and fasting!
But gently stretched him on the ground,
His form concealed with shrubs around.

She could not see the dear one's death!
Nor listen to his hard drawn breath!
A good way off she sat her down,
And wept aloud with doleful sound.

But something speaks to Hagar's heart!
" 'Tis I! 'tis I, that caused the smart!
Fear not, but let this lesson prove
That I the Lord can kill and soothe!"

The lad was spared; in his extreme
The past all flowed, like living stream,
Through every fibre of his heart—
Pierced through his soul and made him start.

The pious lessons of the past,
Which he had sought from him to cast,
Returned and deluged him with light—
Revealing day, dispelling night.

In faith, though weak, he meekly prayed,
That from this pit he might be saved,
To be a blessing to his mother !
By pious deeds the past to cover !

His prayer was heard !—the angel said,
“Take up the lad—raise up his head ;
My promise yet I must fulfill—
A nation great of him, I will.”

Her eyes were opened—she saw anew !
She too for mercy did now sue !
And while she gave her child some water,
She gave herself to him that sought her !

'Twas meet that Abraham should be taught,
Lessons with deep wisdom fraught :
God designed, through him, that earth
Should have continued spirit-birth.

To be the honored source below,
From whence the stream of life should flow,
'T was needful he a pattern should be
Of concentrated *piety*.

Language is by far too barren,
Human thought can never fathom,
How needful 'twas that Abraham should be
A pattern of *integrity*.

So of all the other graces,
Through which the Spirit ever traces,
The likeness of the man that should be
The emblem of *humility*.

Therefore, God his servant tempted,
To show that none on earth exempted,
Should boast or say, "I am secure,"
As long as sinful baits allure.

When least expected, Abraham, starting!
Stood confounded! trembling! smarting!
Can it be true? or do I dream?
O! that light would on me gleam!

My son! my only son! must he
Be sundered from my heart! nor see
His bright and smiling face no more!
From this fond heart must he be tore!

O God! avert the threatening storm!
Must I a wanderer, drear, forlorn,
Spend remnant of my days in tears—
Worse far than dread, appalling fears?

Did'st thou not say, through this my son,
The line of holy seed should run?
And wilt thou now, for father's sin,
Intended honors take from him?

Am I indeed so great a wretch,
That thou o'er him thy wrath should stretch?
O God! my God! O spare the blow!
My all, I on thy mercy throw.

I own, indeed, my worthlessness,
In this my hour of deep distress;
The bliss and honor promised me,
I'm all unworthy e'er to see.

But spare me Isaac, my dear boy !
Our hearts, still linked with love and joy,
Would praise, adore, and bless thy name,
Till we in kindred dust are lain.

I own that even now I ask
Bliss ecstatic ! but I would cast
Unworthy self away, and plead
For my dear wife, and for her seed.

If 'tis thy will, blot me from sight—
Let my name sink in endless night ;
But spare my child, and let him live !
Thy promise still to him do give !

Forgive me, Lord, did'st thou not speak ?
Be still proud flesh, and let me seek
Again to listen to that voice,
Whose words have been thro' life my choice.

I will obey ! Thy will shall be
My guide, till in eternity,
Divested of this sinful frame,
I, and mine, shall with thee reign.

Forgive, O Lord, my sin forgive!
To me again thy Spirit give!
I am content to do thy will—
Thou art the same, I love thee still.

Whence, whence, my lord, dost thou depart?
Why pale thy face? Why dost thou start?
Have tidings from abroad received
Thy heart of tenderness aggrieved?

Shall not I thy burdens share?
Or, shall we not in humble prayer,
Go to our Father's throne and seek
Accustomed comfort and relief?

Yes, dearest Sarah, let us fall
And on his tender mercies call—

“Almighty Father! bow thine ear,
O grant our drooping hearts to cheer!
Teach us! O teach us e'er to say
Whate'er thou wilt, we will obey.

“As thou hast been in times gone by
A Father kind, and yet most High,
Still to us thy presence give,
While we on earth sojourning live.

“Bless! O bless! my loving wife;
Shield her from evil throughout life;
Throw thy protecting arms around her,
And with thy precious love surround her.”

Forthwith rising from his knees,
He thus addressed his wife and said :—
“A message, from the Lord received,
Commands me forth to land Moriah,
To typify in rite profound,
The bleeding Lamb!—the great MESSIAH!

“The purport of this journey far,
To initiate our darling son
In the great mystery of our race—
Redemption’s plan by God begun!

Let constant prayer from thee ascend,
That holy deed may well be done.

“So cheer thee up! and let thy stay
In love and meekness be on God;
In solemn rev'rence 'wait the day
Of my return: so be content:
Cast every other thought from mind;
We go, because by Heaven sent.”

With pious joy—serene content,
Prayer and praise to Heaven were sent;
The father, mother, son caressing—
Each burning word was filled with blessing.

Before the pearly tints of morn
Had by the god of day been drawn,
Abraham rising, softly knelt,
And soon the spirit sweetly felt.

His heart all filled with tenderness;
On Sarah's lovely face impressed
A parting kiss! and left her sleeping,
Lest joy should now be turned to weeping.

He gently kissed his son awake!—
Again, he felt his heart must break,
To think that he his face no more
Should see at *Home!* O trial sore!

But faith resumed its wonted sway,
And scattered gloomy doubts away:
Sallying forth, commenced the way,
As *night* was passing into *day*.

'Twould be oppressive to relate,
If language could correctly state
Successive incidents arising—
The pleasing, and the agonizing!

Through three successive days and nights,
'Mid youthful dreams and visions bright;
Isaac wandered, filled with glee,
His spirit like the wild bird free.

But fearful was the conflict dread,
That racked the father's heart and head;
His manhood and his spirit-life,
Ne'er ceased in that momentous strife.

Self-love, and faith in God, opposed,
Cannot be reconciled or closed;
Till victory or defeat proclaims,
That man or God in triumph reigns.

“Behold the wood!—behold the fire!
But where’s the lamb, my dearest sire?
Intended offering burnt, to rise
As holy incense to the skies?”

“God will provide a lamb,” he said:—
And bowed his heart and hung his head!
And silently they walked along—
Their minds with wondrous thoughts did
throng.

Momentous time at length arrived!
With laboring effort Abraham sighed:—
“My son! my son!! my darling son!!!
God decrees!—thy race is run!
Upon the altar *thou* must lie—
A bleeding lamb, atoning die!”

In *silence* dread, the child was bound!
Conflict mysterious and profound,
Was waged between parental love,
And secret voice of spirit-dove.

The work was ready! Abraham stood
Majestic! humble! virtuous! good!
A monument, sublimely grand!
The admired and blest of every land.

His flowing locks of silvery white,
His face indexing spirit-life;
His lofty mein, and upraised eyes—
A model grand for earth and skies!

The knife is raised! Faith triumphant,
Impressed upon the father's brow
The lineaments of deity.
And that sweet lamb! with dove-like eyes
No dread betrays. With smile of love
He seems to say: "To thee, O God, I come!"

But what is this that holds the hand!
"Abraham?"—What is this that speaks?

“Lay not thy hand upon the lad
Nor do him any harm.”

Thus Abraham offered up his son,
His only son to God,
And testified his fear and love—
Proclaimed his righteousness.

In vain for heart or tongue to tell,
What blessings from above,
Fell rich, on Abraham and his seed,
By this one act of love.

This lesson, filled with wisdom deep,
Taught Abraham and his son ;
As it should teach, both you and I,
In piety to run.

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